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TIGER HUNT IN INDIA.

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A Collection

OF

HISTORIES, ADVENTURES, AND ANECDOTES.



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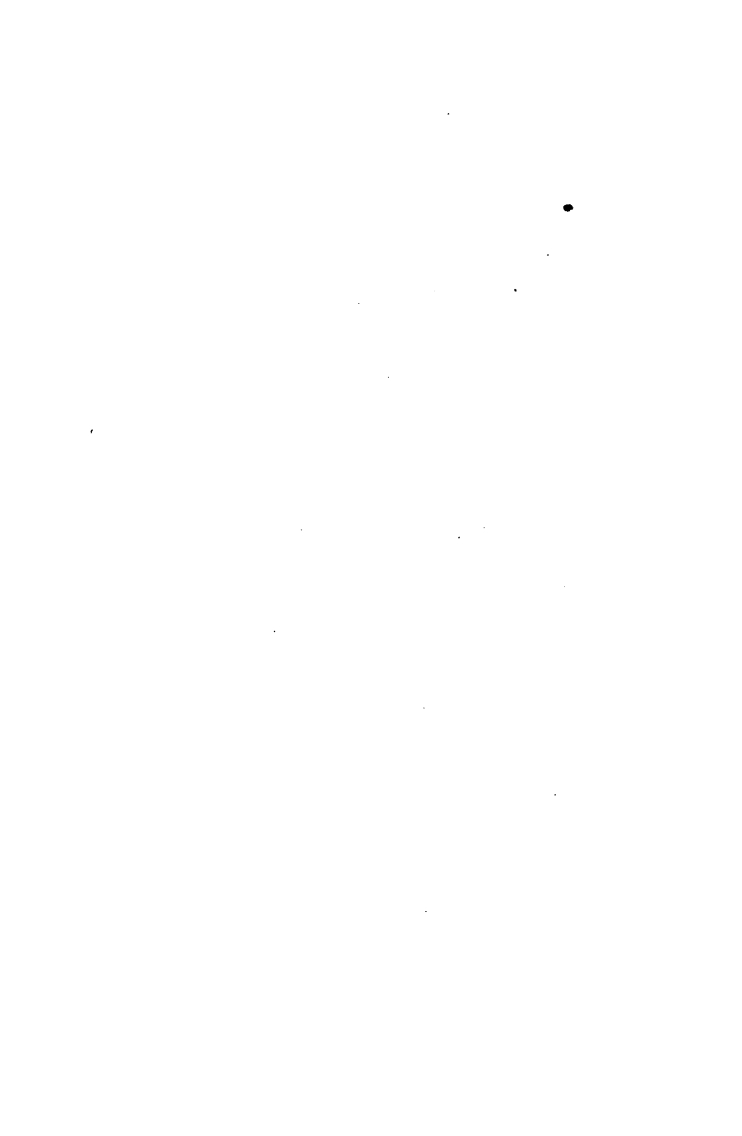
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AMUSING STORIES.

DESCRIPTION OF A TIGER HUNT IN INDIA.

THE royal tiger is considered as one of the most beautiful amongst quadrupeds ; but, as if to show us the error of prizing a beautiful appearance when it is not recommended by a good disposition, it is, at the same time, the most cruel, destructive, and rapacious animal in the creation.

In India, where it grows to a very large size, it often does considerable mischief, carrying off cattle, and lying in wait near the public roads to seize upon the unwary traveller. Whenever, therefore, this common enemy is discovered near a populous village, every person in the country prepares to follow him into his haunts; and, though the chase is attended with much danger, it is very seldom that he escapes from his pursuers. With great people tiger-hunting is a favourite amusement; and they will often take the field against these animals, mounted on elephants, and attended by considerable bodies of armed men.

The following letter was written by an English gentleman to Sir William Jones ; and it cannot fail to interest, from the lively manner in which the hunt is described. It is stated to have taken place upon the banks of the Ganges, in Bengal, in the year 1784 :—

“ As you could not partake of the pleasure of the hunt, from which I am just returned, I snatch my pen to give you the following hasty description of the business of the day.

“ ——— Matters had been thus judiciously arranged ; tents were sent off yesterday, and an encampment formed within a mile and a half of the jungle which was to be the scene of our operations ; and in this jungle the thickets of long rank grass and reeds are, in many places, fifteen feet high. At one o'clock this morning thirty elephants, with the servants, and refreshments of all kinds, were dispatched ; at two we all followed in fly-palanquins ; at a quarter after four we reached the encampment, and, having rested near two hours, we mounted our elephants, and proceeded to the jungle.

“ In our way we met with game of all kinds—hares, antelopes, hog-deer, wild boars, and wild buffaloes ; but nothing could divert our attention from the fiercer animals of the forest.

“ At the gray of the dawn we formed a line of great extent, and entered a small detached jungle. My elephant (sorely against my wish, but there was *no remedy*, for my driver was a keen sportsman, and he and I spoke no common language) passed

through the centre, but happily no tiger had at that hour nestled there. I saw, however, as I passed through it, the bed of one, in which there was a half-devoured bullock, with a heap of bones, some bleached, and some still red with gore.

"We had not proceeded five hundred yards beyond the jungle when we heard a general cry on our left of *Baugh, Baugh, Baugh!* On hearing this exclamation of *Tiger!* we wheeled, and, forming the line anew, entered the great jungle, when the spot where a single tiger lay having been pointed out, on the discharge of the first gun a scene presented itself, confessed by all the experienced tiger hunters present to be the finest they had ever seen. Five full-grown royal tigers sprang at the same instant from the spot where they had been crouching together. They ran different ways; but running heavily, they all crouched again in new covers within the same jungle, and all were marked. We followed, having formed the line into a crescent, so as to embrace either extremity of the jungle: in the centre were the *houdah* (or state) elephants, with the ladies, and the marksmen, to comfort and encourage them.

"The gentlemen of the party had each an elephant to himself. When we had slowly and warily approached the spot where the first tiger lay, he moved not until we were just upon him; when, with a roar that resembled thunder, he rushed upon us. The elephants wheeled round at once; and (for as it is not to be described by any quadruped motion we know, I must therefore

coin a term for the occasion) 'shuffled' off. They returned, however, after a flight of about fifty yards; and again approaching the spot where the tiger had lodged himself towards the skirts of the jungle, he once more rushed forth, and, springing at the side of an elephant upon which three of the natives were mounted, at one stroke of his paw tore a portion of the pad from under them; and one of the riders, panic-struck, fell off. The tiger, however, seeing his enemies in force, returned, slow and indignant, into his shelter, where (the place he lay in being marked) a heavy and well-directed fire was poured in by the principal marksmen; when, pushing in, we saw him in the struggle of death, and, growling and foaming, he expired.

"We then proceeded to seek the others, having first distinguished the spot by pitching a tall spear, and tying to the end of it the muslin of a turban. We roused the other three in close succession, and, with little variation of circumstances, killed them all. The oldest and most ferocious of the family had, however, early in the conflict, very sensibly quitted the scene of action, and escaped to another part of the country.

"While the fate of the last and largest was depending, more shots were fired than in the three other attacks. He escaped four several assaults; and, taking post in different parts of the jungle, rushed upon us at each wound he received with *rekindled rage*, and as often put the whole line to *flight*. In his last pursuit he singled out the ele-

phant upon which was Lady Day, one of the females of the party, and was at its tail, with jaws distended, and in the act of rising upon his hind paws to fasten on her, when, fortunately, she cleared the jungle; and a general discharge from the hunters having forced him to give up the chase, he returned to his shelter. The danger, I believe, was not very great; but it terrified her very much, and was sufficient to determine her against ever again being present at a tiger hunt.

“The chase being over, we returned in triumph to our encampment, and were followed by the spoils of the morning, and by a great multitude of the peasants from the neighbouring villages, who pressed round an open tent in which we sat at breakfast, with congratulations, blessings, and thanksgivings. The four tigers were laid in front; the natives viewed them with terror, and some with tears. There was a very affecting incident, which so fastened upon the imagination of a gentleman present, and so touched his heart, that he means to give it a principal place in a picture which he meditates upon the subject.—An old woman, looking earnestly at the largest tiger, and pointing at times to his tusks, and at times lifting his fore-paws, and viewing his talons, her aged cheeks bathed in tears, in broken and moaning tones narrated something to a little circle composed of three brahmins and a young woman with a child in her arms. No human misery could pierce the phlegm and apathy of the brahmins. *With them there was not a feature softened; but*

horror and sorrow were alternately painted in the face of the female: and from her clasping at times her child more closely to her breast, I guessed the subject of the old woman's story, and, upon inquiry, I found that I was right in my conjecture. She was widowed and childless; she owed both her misfortunes to the tigers in that jungle, and most probably to those which then lay dead before her (for they, it was believed, had recently carried off her husband, and her two sons grown up to manhood); and now she wanted food. In the frenzy of her grief she alternately described her loss to the crowd, and in a wild scream demanded her husband and her children from the tigers. Indeed it was a piteous spectacle!"

ADVENTURES OF MADAME GODIN

IN THE COUNTRY OF THE AMAZONS.

MADAME GODIN was the wife of one of the French mathematicians who were sent to Peru, in South America, about the middle of the last century, for the purpose of making some observations there, which should improve our knowledge of geography. She set out from Rio-bamba, the place of her residence, with the design of joining her husband at Cayenne, a distance of thirteen or fourteen *hundred leagues*. The thought of such a long *journey, dangerous and fatiguing* as she knew it

must be, did not deter this courageous woman. She was accompanied by two of her brothers, and by a physician, who proposed to travel the same road ; she had also a male negro servant, several mulatto and Indian women, and a band of thirty-one Indians for carrying her baggage. With this company she arrived at the village of Cannellos, situated on the banks of a small river that falls into the river of the Amazons. This place she found almost deserted ; for the small-pox, a very fatal disease among the Indians, had made its appearance, and carried off great numbers of the inhabitants, while those who escaped the infection had removed from the place. At that time the mode of preventing this disorder, by scratching the arm with a sharp instrument previously dipped in the matter of a cow-pock sore, which is communicated from the udder of the cow, was not known. Here the Indians of the escort, who had been paid in advance, left her and returned. What was to be done in this unfortunate situation ? To return without a body of men to defend her was impossible ; and even had it been possible, yet the hope of reaching the river of the Amazons, where she might find a vessel to convey her to her husband, whom she had not seen for many years, encouraged her to brave all dangers ; and she resolved, as did also her companions, to continue the journey.

Only two Indians remained in the village. They had not a canoe, but offered to make one, and conduct the travellers in it to the settlement

of Andoas, a hundred and fifty leagues farther down the river. In a short time the canoe was finished, and they embarked; but after sailing two days, having gone ashore to pass the night, the two Indians, who had received their payment before they set out, abandoned the enterprise like the others. In the morning the unfortunate company re-embarked; and, though without a pilot, the first day passed over without any accident. Next day, towards noon, they fell in with a canoe, in which was an Indian who had just recovered from a severe disorder, and who consented to serve them as a pilot; but this poor man, endeavouring to pick up the doctor's hat, which had fallen into the water, fell overboard, and his late malady having left him in a very weak state, he was unable to swim, and soon went to the bottom. The canoe, being now in the hands of people who could not manage it, soon filled with water; and the travellers were compelled to land, where they built a small rude hut, to shelter them from the weather.

They were now about six days' journey from Andoas, and the doctor offered to go thither and procure assistance. He accordingly set off, accompanied by a French servant belonging to himself, and Madame Godin's faithful negro.

After waiting upwards of three weeks, no tidings of the doctor were heard, and the lady and her brothers gave up every hope of succour from that quarter. But being still resolved to proceed, they constructed a raft upon the river, on which *they embarked* with some provisions and effects,

intending to prosecute their journey by water, because they were afraid of losing themselves in the woods. The raft, however, being ill-conducted, struck against the sunken branch of a tree, over-set, and plunged the whole cargo into the river ; but as this accident happened close to the bank, no person perished.

Madame Godin, deprived of all her effects by this sort of shipwreck, now found herself in a more melancholy situation than ever she had been before. The company now determined to travel on foot along the banks of the river ; and they returned to the hut, took the provisions they had left in it, and departed. They had not gone far, when they found that the windings of the river lengthened their road very much ; and to avoid this, they endeavoured to find a passage through the woods, but soon lost their way. Fatigued with so long a march, their feet bruised, their clothes and bodies torn with the briers and thorns, their provisions exhausted, and nothing to allay their hunger and thirst but some wild fruits, their strength failed, and they sat down on the ground, looking for nothing but death. Their expectations were realized, and in a few days they expired one after another, leaving Madame Godin the sole survivor.

The heroic lady lay for forty-eight hours in the midst of the dead bodies, stupified with grief, and in a state of insensibility. At last she recovered her senses, and found herself tormented with an ardent thirst. Providence, however, gave her

strength to make another effort to extricate herself from this terrible situation; but she found herself without shoes, and her clothes were in rags. She proceeded forward with all speed her weak state would admit; and in a short time, to her great joy, she found a spring of water. For eight days she wandered in the woods, living upon wild fruits, and the eggs of wild fowls; but her throat was so contracted by the want of food, that she could scarcely swallow any thing. The agitation of her mind had such an effect on her body, that her hair became gray.

If a person were to read in a story-book written to amuse, that a delicate woman, accustomed to the enjoyment of all the luxuries of life, had been plunged into a river, and drawn out of it half drowned; that she had entered into a wood with seven other persons, without a road to conduct her, and travelled in it for several weeks; that she had lost her way, had endured hunger, thirst, and fatigue, and had seen her two brothers and all her attendants, who were much stronger than herself, expire before her eyes; that she had survived all these misfortunes, regained her strength, and travelled in the woods, covered with rags, till Providence sent her unexpected assistance; the author of such a tale would be accused of describing impossibilities.

On the morning of the ninth day Madame Godin found herself on the banks of the river Bobonasa, and she was immediately alarmed by a noise, apparently at a small distance from her

In the first emotion of her fear she fled back into the wood to conceal herself; but soon considering that nothing worse could happen to her than she had already experienced, she regained the river side, and perceived two Indians pushing a canoe into the water. She went up to them and implored their assistance in conducting her to Andoas. The humane Indians, touched with her situation, offered to take her into their canoe, and she soon arrived at the place of her destination, where she soon found the relief she expected: her health was soon restored, and she easily found means to join her husband.





THE CATARACT OF NIAGARA,

IN CANADA.

THIS amazing fall of water is made by the river St. Lawrence, in its passage from Lake Erie into the Lake Ontario. The St. Lawrence is one of the largest rivers in the world, and yet the whole of its waters are discharged in this place by a fall of a hundred and fifty feet perpendicular. It is not easy to bring the imagination to correspond with the greatness of the scene. A river extremely deep and rapid, serving to drain the waters of almost all North America, which flow into the Atlantic Ocean, is here poured precipitately down a ledge of rocks, which runs, like a wall, across the whole bed of its stream. The river, a little *above*, is nearly three-quarters of a mile broad : *and the rocks*, where it grows narrower, are twelve



hundred yards over. Their direction is not straight across, but hollowing inwards like a horse-shoe, so that the cataract, which bends to the shape of the obstacle, rounding inwards, presents a kind of theatre, the most tremendous in nature. Just in the middle of this circular wall of waters, a little island, that has braved the fury of the current, presents one of its points, and divides the stream at top into two parts, but they unite again before they reach the bottom. The noise of the fall is heard at the distance of several leagues, and the fury of the waters at the termination of the fall is inconceivable. The dashing produces a mist that rises to the very clouds, and forms a most beautiful rainbow when the sun shines. It *will be readily supposed* that such a cataract

altogether interrupts the navigation of the stream. In fact, the merchandize which is sent into the interior of North America is obliged to be landed at some distance below the falls, and thence carried across the country to the nearest navigable part of the river above them.

The whole breadth of the precipice is nearly three-quarters of a mile, and the quantity of water carried down the falls is said to be 2,688,000 hogsheads-full in a minute. The current is here, and for some distance higher up the river, so rapid, that even fishes are not able to stand its force; they are always dashed to pieces in the fall, and the shore below is covered with their dead bodies, which have been subsequently washed up.

Among the numerous stories current in the country, relating to this wonderful cataract, there is one concerning the fate of an Indian, the truth of which is unquestionable. This unfortunate creature, intoxicated with spirits, had laid himself down to sleep at the bottom of his canoe, which was fastened to the beach, at the distance of some miles above the falls. By some accident the rope loosened, and the canoe of course went adrift. It quickly floated away with the stream, and in a few minutes was carried down the rapids, where the channel becomes narrower, and the bed of the river is covered with rocks. Here it was distinctly seen by several persons standing on the shore, whose attention had been caught by the appearance of a canoe in such a dangerous part of the river. The violent motion of the boat soon awoke the Indian;

he started up, and, perceiving his danger, instantly seized the paddle, and made the most violent efforts to save himself; but finding, in a little time, that all his endeavours would be unavailing, he, with great seeming composure, laid aside his paddle, wrapped himself up in his blanket, and again laid himself down in the bottom of his canoe. In a few seconds he was hurried down the precipice, but neither he nor his canoe was ever seen more.



PERSEVERANCE.

A STORY.

THEODORE was a boy of lively parts, and engaging manners; but he had the failing of being very

impatient in his temper, and inclined to extremes. He was ardent in all his pursuits, but could bear no disappointment; and if the least thing went wrong, he threw up what he was about in a pet, and could not be prevailed upon to resume it. His father (Mr. Carleton) had given him a bed in the garden, which he had cultivated with great delight. The borders were set with double daisies of different colours, next to which was a row of auriculas and polyanthuses. Beyond were stocks and other taller flowers and shrubs; and a beautiful damask rose graced the centre. This rose was just budding, and Theodore watched its daily progress with great interest. One unfortunate day, the door of the garden being left open, a drove of pigs entered and began to riot on the herbs and flowers. An alarm being sounded, Theodore and the servant-boy rushed upon them, smacking their whips. The whole herd, in affright, took their course across Theodore's flower-bed, on which some of them had before been grazing. Stocks, daisies, and auriculas, were all trampled down, or torn up: and, what was worst of all, a large old sow ran directly over the beautiful rose-tree, and broke off its stem level with the ground. When Theodore came up, and beheld all the mischief, and especially his favourite rose strewed on the soil, rage and grief choked his utterance. After standing awhile, the picture of despair, he snatched up a spade that stood near, and with furious haste dug over the whole bed, and *overwhelmed all the relics of his flowers deep under*

the soil. This exertion being ended, he burst into tears, and silently left the garden.

His father, who had beheld the scene at a distance, though somewhat diverted at the boy's childish violence, yet began seriously to reflect on the future consequences of such a temper, if suffered to grow up without restraint. He said nothing to him at the time, but in the afternoon he took him a walk into a neighbouring parish. There was a large wild common, and at the skirts of it a neat farm-house, with fields lying round it, all well fenced, and cultivated in the best manner. The air was sweetened with the bean-flower and clover. An orchard of fine young fruit-trees lay behind the house; and before it was a little garden, gay with all the flowers of the season. A stand of bee-hives was on the southern side, sheltered by a thick hedge of honeysuckle and sweetbrier. The farm-yard was stocked with pigs and poultry. A herd of cows, with full udders, was just coming home to be milked. Every thing wore the aspect of plenty and good management. The charms of the scene struck Theodore very forcibly, and he expressed his pleasure in the warmest terms. "This place," said his father, "belongs to a man who is the greatest example I know of patient fortitude, bearing up against misfortune; and all that you see is the reward of his own perseverance. I am a little acquainted with him; and we will go in and beg a draught of milk, and try if we can prevail upon him to tell us his story." Theodore willingly accompanied

his father. They were received by ~~the~~ with cordial frankness. After they were, "Mr. Hardman," says Mr. Carleton, "I have often heard a part of your adventures, but had a regular account of the whole. If you favour me and my little boy with the story of them, we shall think ourselves much obliged to you."—"Lack-a-day, sir," said he, "there's little in them worth telling of, as far as I know. I have had my ups and downs in the world, to be sure, but so have many men besides. However, if you wish to hear about them, they are at your service; and I can't say but it gives me pleasure sometimes to talk over old matters, and think how much better things have turned out than might have been expected."—"Now I am of opinion," said Mr. C., "that from your spirit and perseverance a good conclusion might always have been expected."—"You are pleased to compliment, sir," replied the farmer; "but I will begin without more words.

"You may, perhaps, have heard that my father was a man of good estate. He thought of nothing, poor man, but how to spend it: and he had the uncommon luck to spend it twice over; for when he was obliged to sell it the first time, it was bought in by a relation, who left it to him again by his will. But my poor father was not a man to take warning. He fell to living as he had done before, and just made his estate and his life hold out together. He died at the age of five-and-forty, and left his family beggars. I believe he would

not have taken to drinking as he did, had it not been for his impatient temper, which made him fret and vex himself for every trifle, and then he falsely imagined he had nothing for it but to drown his care in liquor.

“It was my lot to be taken by my mother’s brother, who was master of a merchant-ship. I served him as an apprentice several years, and underwent a good deal of the usual hardship of a sailor’s life. He had just made me his mate in a voyage up the Mediterranean, when he had the misfortune to be wrecked on the coast of Morocco. The ship struck at some distance from shore, and we lay a long stormy night with the waves dashing over us, expecting every moment to perish. My uncle and several of the crew died of fatigue and want, and by morning but four of us were left alive. My companions were so disheartened, that they thought of nothing but submitting to their fate. For my part, I thought life still worth struggling for; and the weather having become calmer, I persuaded them to join me in making a kind of raft, by the help of which, with much toil and danger, we reached the land. Here we were seized by the barbarous inhabitants, and carried up the country for slaves to the emperor. We were employed about some public buildings, made to work very hard with the whip at our backs, and allowed nothing but water and a kind of pulse. I have heard persons talk as if there was little in being a slave but the name, and I doubt not that slavery is a very different thing

in different parts of the world; but no *one*, I sure, who has been treated as I was, *will* ever think lightly of being a slave. A ransom *was* *s*,



on our heads, but so high, that it seemed impossible for poor friendless creatures like us ever to pay it. The thought of perpetual servitude, together with the hard treatment we met with, quite overcame my poor companions. They drooped, and died one after another; I still thought it not impossible to mend my condition, and perhaps to recover my freedom. We worked about twelve hours in the day, and had one holiday in the week. I employed my leisure time in learning to make mats and flag-baskets, in which I soon became so expert as to have a good many for sale, and thereby got a little money to purchase better food, and several small conveniences. We were

afterwards set to work in the emperor's gardens; and here I showed so much good-will and attention, that I got into favour with the overseer. He had a large garden of his own, and he made interest for me to be suffered to work for him alone, on the condition of paying a man to do my duty. I soon became so useful to him, that he treated me more like a hired servant than a slave, and gave me regular wages. I learned the language of the country, and might have passed my time comfortably enough, could I have accommodated myself to their manners and religion, and forgot my native land. I saved all I could, in order to purchase my freedom; but the ransom was so high, that I had little prospect of being able to do it for some years to come. A circumstance, however, happened which brought it about at once. Some villains one night laid a plot to murder my master, and plunder his house. I slept in a little shed in the garden, where the tools lay; and being awakened by a noise, I saw four men break through the fence, and walk up an alley towards the house. I crept out with a spade in my hand, and silently followed them. They made a hole with instruments in the house wall big enough for a man to pass through. Two of them had got in, and the third was beginning to enter, when I rushed forward, and with a blow of my spade clove the skull of one of the robbers, and gave the other such a stroke on the shoulder as disabled him. I then made a loud outcry to alarm the family. My master and his son, who lay in

the house, got up ; and having let me in, we secured the two others after a sharp conflict, in which I received a severe wound with a dagger. My master, who looked upon me as his preserver, had all possible care taken of me ; and as soon as I was cured, made me a present of my liberty. He would fain have kept me with him, but my mind was so much bent on returning to my country, that I immediately set out to the nearest sea-port, and took my passage in a vessel going to Gibraltar.

“ From this place I returned in the first ship for England. As soon as we arrived in the Downs, and I was rejoicing at the sight of the white cliffs, a man-of-war’s boat came on board, and pressed



into the king’s service all of us who were seamen. I could not but think it hard that this should be my welcome at home after a long slavery : but there was no remedy. I resolved to do my duty in my station, and leave the rest to Providence. I was abroad during the remainder of the war ; *and saw many a stout fellow sink under disease*

and in battle. My knowledge of seamanship got me promoted to the post of a petty officer ; and at the peace I was paid off, and received a pretty sum for wages and prize money. With this I set off for London ; but I had experienced too much distress from want to be inclined to squander away my money, so I put it into a banker's hands, and began to look out for some new way of life.

“Unfortunately, there were some things of which I had no more experience than a child, and the tricks of London were among these. An advertisement, offering extraordinary advantages to a partner in a commercial concern, who could bring a small capital, tempted me to make inquiry about the matter : and I was soon cajoled by a plausible, artful fellow to venture my whole stock in it. The business was a manufacture, about which I knew nothing at all ; but as I was not afraid of my labour, I set about working as they directed me, with great diligence, and thought all was going on prosperously. One morning, on coming to the office, I found that my partners had decamped ; and the same day I was arrested for a considerable sum due by the partnership. It was in vain for me to think of getting bail, so I was obliged to go to prison. Here I should have been half starved but for my Moorish trade of mat-making, by the help of which I bettered my condition for some months ; when the creditors, finding that nothing could be got out of me, suffered me to be set at liberty.

"I was now in the wide world without a farthing or a friend, but I thanked God that I had health and limbs left. I did not choose to trust the sea again, but preferred my other new trade of gardening; so I applied to a nurseryman near town, and was received as a day-labourer. I set myself cheerfully to work, taking care to be in the grounds the first man in the morning, and the last at night. I acquainted my employer with all the practices I had observed in Morocco, and got him, in return, to instruct me in his own. In time I came to be considered as a skilful workman, and was advanced to higher wages. My affairs were in a flourishing state. I was well fed and comfortably lodged, and saved money into the bargain. About this time I fell in company with a young woman at service, very notable and well-behaved, who seemed well-qualified for a wife to a working man. I ventured to make an offer to her, which proved not disagreeable; and after we had calculated a little how we were to live, we married. I took a cottage with an acre or two of land to it, and my wife's savings furnished our house, and bought a cow. All my leisure time I spent upon my piece of ground, which I made very productive; and the profits of my cow, with my wages, supported us very well. No mortal, I think, could be happier than I was, after a hard day's work, by my own fire-side, with my wife beside me, and my little infant on my knee.

"After this way of life had lasted two or three

years, a gentleman, who had dealt largely with my master for young plants, asked him if he could recommend an honest industrious man for a tenant upon some land that he had lately taken in from the sea. My master, willing to do me a kindness, mentioned me. I was tempted by the proposal; and, going down to view the premises, I took the farm upon a lease at a low rent, and removed my family and goods to it, one hundred and fifty miles from London. There was ground enough for the money, but much was left to be done for it in draining, manuring, and fencing. Then it required more stock than I was able to furnish; so, though unwilling, I was obliged to borrow some money of my landlord, who let me have it at moderate interest. I began with a good heart, and worked late and early to put things into the best condition. My first misfortune was, that the place proved unhealthy to us. I fell into a lingering ague, which pulled me down much, and hindered my business. My wife got a slow fever, and so did my eldest child (we had now two, and another coming). The poor child died; and, what with grief and illness, my wife had much ado to recover. Then the rot got among my sheep, and carried off the best part of my stock. I bore up against distress as well as I could; and by the kindness of my landlord I was enabled to bring things tolerably about again. We regained our health, and began to be seasoned to the climate. As we were cheering ourselves with the prospect of better times, a dreadful storm arose—it was one night in February—I shall never forget it—

and drove the spring-tide with such fury against our sea-banks, that they gave way. The water rushed in with such force, that all was presently at sea. Two hours before daylight I was awakened by the noise of the waves dashing against our house, and bursting in at the door. My wife had lain in about a month; and she and I, and the two children, slept on the ground floor. We had just time to carry the children up stairs before all was afloat in the room. When day appeared we could discern nothing from the windows but water. All the outhouses, ricks, and utensils were swept away, and all the cattle and sheep drowned. The sea kept rising, and the force of the current bore so hard upon our house, that we thought every moment it must fall. We clasped our babes to our breasts, and expected nothing but present death. At length we spied a boat coming to us. With a good deal of difficulty it got under our window, and took us in, with a servant-maid and boy. A few clothes was all the property we saved; and we had not left the house half an hour before it fell, and in a minute nothing was to be seen of it. Not only the farm-house, but the farm itself, was gone.

“I was now again what the world calls a ‘ruined man;’ and, what was worse, I had three partners in my ruin. My wife and I looked at one another, and then at our little ones, and wept. Neither of us had a word of comfort to say. At last, thought I, this country is not Morocco, however. Here *are good souls that will pity our case, and perhaps relieve us.* Then I have a character, and a pair

of hands. Things are bad, but they might have been worse.—I took my wife by the hand, and knelt down. She did the same. I thanked God for his mercy in saving our lives, and prayed that He would continue to protect us. We rose up with lightened hearts, and were able to talk calmly about our condition. It was my desire to return to my former master, the nurseryman; but how to convey my family so far without money was the difficulty. Indeed I was much worse than nothing, for I owed a good deal to my landlord. He came down upon the news of my misfortune; and though his own losses were heavy, he not only forgave my debt, and released me from all obligations, but made me a small present. Some charitable neighbours did the like; but I was most of all affected by the kindness of our late maid-servant, who insisted upon our accepting of a crown which she had saved out of her wages. Poor soul! we had always treated her like one of ourselves, and she felt for us like one.

“As soon as we had got some necessaries, and the weather was tolerable, we set out on our long march. My wife carried her infant in her arms; I took the bigger child on my back, and a bundle of clothes in my hand. We could walk but a few miles a day; but we now and then got a lift in an empty waggon or cart, which was a great help to us. One day we met with a farmer returning from market, who let us ride, and entered into conversation with me. I told him my adventures, by which he seemed much interested; and, learn-

ing that I was skilled in managing trees, he acquainted me that a nobleman in his neighbourhood was making great plantations, and would very likely be glad to engage me; and he offered to carry us to the place. As all I was seeking for was a living by my labour, I thought the sooner I got it the better; so I thankfully accepted his offer. He took us to the nobleman's steward, and made known our case. The steward wrote to my old master for a character; and receiving a favourable one, he hired me as a principal manager of a plantation, and settled me and my family in a snug cottage near it. He advanced us something for a little furniture and present subsistence; and we had once more a *home*. O sir! how many blessings are contained in that word, to those who have known the want of it!

"I entered upon my new employment with as much satisfaction as if I was taking possession of an estate. My wife had enough to do in taking care of the house and children: so it lay with me to provide for all—and I may say that I was not idle. Besides my weekly pay from the steward, I contrived to make a little money at leisure times by pruning and dressing gentlemen's fruit-trees. I was allowed a piece of waste ground behind the house for a garden; and I spent a good deal of labour in bringing it into order. My old master sent me down a present of some choice young trees and flower-pots, which I planted, and they thrived wonderfully. Things went on almost as well as I *could desire*. The situation being dry and healthy,

my wife recovered her lost bloom, and the children sprung up like my plants. I began to hope that I was almost out of the reach of further misfortune: but it was not so ordered.

“I had been three years in this situation, and increased my family with another child, when my lord died. He was succeeded by a very dissipated young man, deep in debt, who presently put a stop to the planting and improving of the estate, and sent orders to turn off all the workmen. This was a great blow to me: however, I still hoped to be allowed to keep my little house and garden, and I thought I could then maintain myself as a nurseryman and gardener; but a new steward was sent down, with directions to raise the rents upon the tenants. He asked me as much rent for the place as if I had found the garden ready made to my hands; and when I told him it was impossible for me to pay it, he gave me notice to quit immediately. He would neither suffer me to take away my trees and plants, nor allow me any thing for them. His view, I found, was to put in a favourite of his own, and set him up at my expense. I remonstrated against this cruel injustice, but could obtain nothing but hard words. As I saw it would be the ruin of me to be turned out in that manner, I determined, rather hastily, to go up to London, and plead my cause with my new lord. I took a sorrowful leave of my family, and, walking to the next market town, I got a place on the outside of the stage coach. When we were within thirty or forty miles of London the coachman overturned the carriage: and I pitched directly

on my head, and was taken up senseless. Nobody knew any thing about me ; so I was carried to the next village, where the overseer had me taken to the parish workhouse. Here I lay a fortnight, much neglected, before I came to my senses. As soon as I became sensible of my condition, I was almost distracted in thinking of the distress my poor wife, who was near lying-in, must be under on my account, not hearing any thing of me. I lay another fortnight before I was fit to travel ; for, besides the hurt on my head, I had broken a collar-bone, and got several bruises. My money had somehow all got out of my pocket, and I had no other means of getting away than by being passed to my own parish. I returned in sad plight indeed, and found my wife very ill in bed. My children were crying about her, and almost starving. We should now have been quite lost had I not raised a little money by selling our furniture ; for I was yet unable to work. As soon as my wife was somewhat recovered, we were forced to quit our house. I cried like a child on leaving my blooming garden and flourishing plantations, and was almost tempted to demolish them, rather than that another should unjustly reap the fruit of my labours. But I checked myself, and I am glad I did. We took lodgings in a neighbouring village, and I went round among the gentlemen of the country to see if I could get a little employment. In the mean time the former steward came down to settle accounts with his successor, *and was much concerned to find me in such a situation.* He was a very able and honest man,

and had been engaged by another nobleman to superintend a large improvable estate in a distant part of the kingdom. He told me, that, if I would



try my fortune with him once more, he would endeavour to procure me a new settlement. I had nothing to lose, and therefore was willing enough to run any hazard ; but I was destitute of means to convey my family to such a distance. My good friend, who was much provoked at the injustice of the new steward, said so much to him, that he brought him to make me an allowance for my garden ; and with that I was enabled to make another removal. It was to the place I now inhabit.

“When I came here, sir, all this farm was a naked common, like that you crossed in coming. My lord got an enclosure bill for this part of it ; and the steward divided it into different farms, and let it on improving leases to several tenants. A dreary spot, to be sure, it looked at first ; enough to sink a man’s heart to sit down upon it ! I had a little unfinished cottage given me to

live in ; and as I had nothing to stock a farm, I was for some years employed as head labourer and planter about the new enclosures. By very hard working and saving, together with a little help, I was at length enabled to take a small part of the ground I now occupy. I had various discouragements from bad seasons and other accidents. One year the distemper carried off four out of seven cows that I kept ; another year I lost two of my best horses. A high wind once almost entirely destroyed an orchard I had just planted, and blew down my biggest barn. But I was too much used to misfortune to be easily disheartened ; and my way always was, to set about repairing them in the best manner I could, and leave the rest to Heaven. This method seems to have answered at last. I have now gone on many years in a course of continued prosperity, adding field to field, increasing my stock, and bringing up a numerous family with credit. My dear wife, who was my faithful partner through so much distress, continues to share my prosperous state ; and few couples in the kingdom, I believe, have more cause to be thankful for their lot. This, sir, is my history. You see it contains nothing very extraordinary ; but if it impresses on the mind of this young gentleman the maxim,—that patience and perseverance will scarcely fail of a good issue in the end, the time you have spent in listening to it will not be entirely lost.”

Mr. Carleton thanked the good farmer heartily *for the amusement and instruction* he had afforded

himself and his son, and took leave with many expressions of regard. Theodore and he walked home, talking by the way of what they had heard.

Next morning Mr. C., looking out of the window, saw Theodore hard at work in his garden. He was carefully disinterring his buried flowers, trimming and cleaning them, and planting them anew. He had got the gardener to cut a slip off the broken rose-tree, and set it in the middle to give it a chance of growing. By noon every thing was laid smooth and neat, and the bed was well filled. All its splendour, indeed, was gone for the present, but it seemed in a hopeful way to revive again. Theodore looked with pleasure over his work, but his father felt more pleasure in witnessing the first fruits of Farmer Hardman's story.





AN ACCOUNT OF THE SALT MINES OF WIELITSKA.

THE earth which we inhabit is known to be an immense globe, or ball, the girth of which is 25,000 miles ; and the diameter 8000. From any part of the surface, therefore, to the centre, is 4000 miles ; but all our efforts have not enabled us to penetrate into the interior one mile, or the 4000th part of the distance. We dig mines to extract iron, tin, coals, salt, and various other articles which Providence has thus placed within the reach of our industry ; but the deepest is no more to the whole thickness of the earth, than the sting of a bee to the whole body of the horse it pierces. What materials may lie at greater depth in the bowels of the earth we are as ignorant of, *as we are of many of the various kinds of animals that swim in the ocean.* It has been very truly

said, that our knowledge is exceedingly small in comparison with our ignorance ; and yet we have every reason to be satisfied with what we know, seeing the Supreme Goodness has abundantly furnished his creatures with the means of support in this life, and set before them the sure and certain means of attaining to a better.

Of all the mines which the labour and industry of man have opened, the salt mine of Wielitska, in Poland, is the most extensive, and the most remarkable for the curious appearances it presents. The following is the account given by a traveller who visited it not many years ago:—At Wielitska, a small town about eight miles from Cracow, this wonderful mine is excavated in a ridge of hills, at the northern extremity of the chain which joins the Carpathian mountains ; and has been worked above six hundred years.

There are eight openings, or descents, into this mine—six in the fields, and two in the town itself. The openings are lined throughout with timber ; and at the top of each there is a large wheel, with a rope as thick as a cable, by which things are let down, and the salt is drawn up.

Upon our arrival at Wielitska we repaired to the mouth of the mine. This entrance is like a narrow dark well, and is sunk to the depth of about 500 feet. Having fastened three separate hammocks round the great rope employed in drawing up the salt, we seated ourselves in a commodious manner, and were gently let down the shaft of the mine for 160 yards below the first layer of salt.

Quitting our hammocks, we passed a long and gradual descent, sometimes through broad passages, or galleries, capable of admitting several carriages abreast; sometimes down steps cut in the solid salt, which had the grandeur and commodiousness of the staircase in a palace. We each carried a light, and several guides preceded us with lamps, the reflection of which, from the glittering sides of the mine, was extremely beautiful.

On our arrival at the bottom the miner contrives to extinguish his lamp, as if by accident; and, catching the stranger by the hand, he drags him through a narrow creek in the body of the mine, where there bursts upon his view a little world, the beauty of which is scarcely to be imagined. He beholds a spacious plain, containing a kind of subterraneous city, whose houses, carriages, roads, &c. are all scooped out of one vast rock of salt, as bright and glittering as crystal; while the blaze of the lights continually burning for the general use, reflected from the dazzling columns which support the lofty arched vaults of the mine, and which are beautifully tinged with all the colours of the rainbow, and sparkle with the lustre of precious stones, affords a more splendid and glittering prospect than any thing above ground can possibly exhibit.

Through the midst of this plain lies a road, which is always filled with carriages laden with masses of salt from the furthest part of the mine. *The drivers are generally singing, and the salt looks like a load of gems.* A great number of

horses are kept in the mine ; and, when once let down, they never see the daylight again.

The instruments principally used by the miners are pickaxes, hammers, and chisels ; with which they dig out the salt in the form of huge cylinders, each of many hundred weight. This is found the most convenient method of getting it out of the mine ; and as soon as it is got above ground, the masses are broken into smaller pieces, and sent to the mills, where they are reduced to powder. The finest sort of salt is sometimes cut into toys, and often passes for real crystal.

The salt is called Ziebna, or green salt, though the colour is iron gray ; and, when pounded, appears like our brown salt. The quality improves in proportion to the depth : towards the sides and surface it is mixed with earthy or stony particles ; lower down it is said to be pure, and to require no process before it is used. The finest of this gray salt, however, is of a weak quality, when compared with our common sea-salt ; it is therefore undoubtedly by no means pure, but blended with other substances, though it serves for common purposes.

The mine appears inexhaustible, as will easily be conceived from the account of its dimensions : the known breadth is 1115 feet, length 6691, and depth 743 ; and the best judges on the spot suppose, with great probability, this solid body of salt to branch into various directions, the extent of which is unknown.

The guide does not forget to point out to the

stranger's attention what he considers the most remarkable curiosity of the place—several small chapels excavated in the salt, in which mass is said on certain days. One of these chapels is thirty feet long, and twenty-five broad: the altar, crucifix, ornaments of the church, and statues of several saints, are all carved out of the salt. Many of the excavations, or chambers, are of an immense size: some are propped with timber, others by vast pillars of salt; several, of large dimensions, are without support in the middle. I remarked one in particular, which was thirty feet in height, and so extremely long and broad, as almost to appear without limits, amid the subterraneous gloom: the cross of these vaults is not arched, but flat. The immense size of the chambers, with the spacious passages, or galleries, together with the chapels and sheds for horses, probably gave rise to the accounts of some travellers, that these mines contain several villages, inhabited by colonies of miners, who never see the light. There is certainly room sufficient, but the miners have no dwellings under ground, as they do not remain below more than eight hours at a time, when they are relieved by others. We found these mines without damp or moisture; observing in our whole progress only one small spring of water, which is impregnated with salt.

Such an enormous mass of salt exhibits a wonderful phenomenon in the natural history of the *globe*. According to Cluctard, who visited these *mines*, and published a treatise upon this subject,

the uppermost bed of earth, at the surface, is sand; the second clay, occasionally mixed with sand and gravel, and containing petrifications of marine bodies; the third limestone: from which circumstances he conjectures that this spot was formerly covered by the sea, and that the salt gradually sunk to the bottom, according as the sun's heat carried off the water in the state of vapour.

These mines have been worked above 600 years, for they are mentioned in the Polish history so early as 1237, under Powtoloski, the king of Poland; notwithstanding which, there is every reason to believe that the bed of salt which still remains would afford a supply for as many centuries to come.





A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE PLAGUE

WHICH PREVAILED IN THE CITY OF LONDON
IN THE YEAR 1665.

*(Extracted from the Memoirs of a Person who resided
there during the whole time of the infection.)*

AMONGST the calamities with which the Almighty is pleased to visit the children of men, in order to reduce them to a just sense of their weakness and to an entire dependence upon Him, there are scarcely any more productive of true penitence, humiliation, and a sense of what is really good and truly evil, than those contagious distempers which an offended God sometimes suffers to rage amongst the people. In the year 1665 the city of London was sorely visited by the plague: 1

account of the progress and effects of that visitation was kept by a citizen who remained there during the whole time of the sickness, and who appears to have been candid and judicious in his remarks. It is hoped the reader will, in a short description of that memorable judgment, meet with some lessons of wisdom, and derive instruction from this close and serious converse with death and the grave.

The introduction of this contagion into London was by some goods imported from Holland, which had been brought thither from the Levant. It first broke out in the house where those goods were opened, from whence it spread to others. In the first house that was affected, there died four persons ; a neighbour who went to visit them, on returning home, gave the distemper to her family, and died, with all her household. The disorder spread; and the parish officers who were employed about the sick persons being also infected, the physicians perceived the danger, and, upon narrow inspection, were assured that it was indeed the plague, with all its terrifying particulars, and that it threatened a general infection. The people began now to be alarmed all over the town : the number of burials within the city for a week was generally from about 240 to 300 ; but from the 24th to the 27th of January, the printed bill was 474. However, the frost continuing very severe till near the end of February, the bills decreased, and people began to look upon the danger as over; but in May the bills greatly increased.

and the weather becoming hot, the infection spread again in a dreadful manner.

“ I lived,” says the author, “ without Aldgate = and as the distemper had not reached to that side of the city, our neighbourhood continued easy ; but at the other end of the town the consternation was very great ; and the nobility and gentry, with their families thronged out of the town in an unusual manner. Nothing was to be seen but waggons, carts, and coaches, with goods and people, and horsemen attending them, hurrying away ; then empty waggons and carts appeared which were apparently returning to fetch more people ; besides innumerable crowds of people on horseback, fitted out for travelling. This was a very melancholy prospect ; indeed there was nothing else of moment to be seen : it filled my mind with very serious thoughts of the misery that was coming upon the city, and the unhappy condition of those who would be left in it. By the end of July the contagion had spread and increased to a great degree : sorrow and sadness sat upon every face ; and though some parts were not yet overwhelmed, all looked deeply concerned. London might well be said to be all in tears. The mourners did not go about the streets, for nobody made a formal dress of mourning for their nearest relations ; but the voice of mourning was indeed heard in the streets : the shrieks of women and children at the windows and doors of their houses, where their dearest relations were dying, were so frequently heard as we passed, that it was enough

to pierce the stoutest heart. Tears and lamentations were perceived in almost every house, especially in the first part of the visitation; for, towards the latter end, people did not so much concern themselves for the loss of their friends, expecting that they themselves would be summoned the next hour.

“The inns of court were now all shut up; there were but few lawyers to be seen in the city: indeed there was no need of them, for quarrels and divisions about interest had ceased; every body was at peace.

“It was also worthy of observation, as well as fruitful of instruction, to remark with what alacrity the people of all persuasions embraced the opportunities they had of attending upon public worship, and other appointed times of devotion, as humiliations, fasting, and public confession of sins, to implore the mercy of God, and avert the judgment which hung over their heads. The churches were so thronged, that there was often no coming near—no, not to the very doors of the largest churches. There were also daily prayers appointed, morning and evening, at which the people attended with uncommon devotion.

“All plays and interludes, which had lately begun to increase amongst us, were prohibited; and, in short, all places of amusement were shut up and suppressed, finding no trade: for the minds of the people were generally humbled, and agitated with other things. Death was before their eyes, and every body began to think of his own grave.

“The infection still gradually increased till the middle of August, when there died a thousand a-day, by the account of the weekly bills—though they never gave a full account by many thousands; many of the parish officers were taken sick themselves, and died when their account was to be given in. The parish of Stepney alone had within the year one hundred and sixteen sextons, gravediggers, carriers of the dead, &c. Indeed, the work was not of a nature to allow them leisure to take an exact tale of the dead bodies; which were all thrown together, in the dark, into a pit, to which no man could come near without the utmost peril.

“I had,” says the author, “the care of my brother’s house, which obliged me sometimes to go abroad. In these walks I had dismal scenes before my eyes, particularly of persons falling dead in the streets; and heard terrible shrieks of women, who, in their agonies, would throw open their chamber windows, and cry out in a sad and affecting manner. It is impossible to describe the variety of posture in which the passions of the poor people would express themselves. Passing through Token-house Yard, of a sudden a casement violently opened just over my head, and a woman gave three frightful shrieks, and then cried, ‘Oh! Death, death, death!’ which struck me with horror, and caused a chillness in my very blood. There was nobody to be seen in the whole street, neither did any window open, for people had no curiosity now, in any case. I went on to pass into Bell Alley, *where there was a still greater cry*; I could hear

women and children run screaming about the rooms like distracted persons. It is scarcely credible what dreadful cases happened in particular families every day : people in the rage of the distemper, or in the torment of the swelling, which was indeed intolerable, becoming raving and distracted, oftentimes laid violent hands upon themselves, or threw themselves out of the windows, or, breaking out of the houses, would dance naked about the streets, not knowing one ecstasy from another : others, if not prevented, would run directly down to the river, and plunge into the water. Some died of mere grief, and some of fright and surprise, without having received the infection. It often pierced my very soul to hear the groans and cries of those who were thus tormented. But the symptom of swelling was accounted the most promising particular in the whole infection ; for, if these swellings could be brought to break and run, the patient generally recovered ; whereas those who were struck with death at the beginning of the distemper, and had spots come upon them, often went about tolerably easy till a little before they died, and some till the moment they dropped down ; such would be taken suddenly very sick, and would run to some convenient place, or to their own houses if possible, and there sit down, grow faint, and die.

“ The method the magistrates fell into, of locking up the doors of people’s houses where any had taken the distemper, and setting watchmen there *night and day*, to prevent any going out to spread

the infection, looked hard and cruel—as, *per* those who were sound in the family *might* escaped, if they had been removed from *the* but the public good seemed to justify *such a* duct, and there was no obtaining the least gation by any application to the magistrates. put people, who thought themselves well, many stratagems to get out of their confinement. Going out one morning, I heard a great out-*cry* which prompting my curiosity, I inquired the cause of a person who looked out of a window. A watchman had been employed to watch at the door of a house which was infected and shut up; both himself and the day watchman attended there a day and two nights. All this while no noise had been heard nor lights seen in the house; neither had they called for any thing. It seems that two or three days before, the dead-cart had stopped there, and a servant-maid had been brought down to the door, dead, wrapped only in a rug, which the buriers had put into the cart and carried away. The next day the watchman heard great crying and screaming in the house, which he supposed was occasioned by some of the family dying just at that time; upon which he knocked at the door a great while: at last one looked out, and said, with an angry, quick tone, and the voice of one who was crying, ‘What do you want?’ He answered, ‘I am the watchman: How do you do?’ The person replied, ‘Stop the dead-cart.’ This *was about one o’clock*; soon after he stopped the *dead-cart*, and then knocked again, but nobody

answered. He continued knocking, and the bellman called several times, 'Bring out your dead;' but nobody answered; and the man who drove the cart being called to other houses, would stay no longer, and drove away. In the morning, when the day watchman came in, they knocked at the door a great while; but nobody answering, they got a ladder, and one of them went up to the window, and looking into the room, he saw a woman lying dead upon the floor, in a dismal situation; but though he called aloud, and knocked hard on the floor with his staff, nobody stirred or answered. This they made known to the magistrates, who ordered the house to be broken open, when nobody was found in it but that young woman; who having been infected, and past recovery, the rest had left her to die by herself, and were every one gone, having found some way to elude the watchman and get out. As to those cries and shrieks which he heard, it was supposed they were the passionate cries of the family at the bitter parting, which, to be sure, it was to them all; this being the sister to the mistress of the family.

"Many more instances might be given; but these may suffice to show the deep distress of that day. Death did not now hover over every one's head only, but looked into their houses and chambers, and even stared in their very faces; and though there was some stupidity and dulness of mind, yet there was a great deal of just alarm sounded in the inmost soul: many consciences were awakened; many hard hearts melted; many a penitent con-

fession was made of crimes long concealed. People might be heard even in the streets, as we passed along, calling upon God for mercy, through Jesus Christ; and saying, ‘*I have been a thief*,’—‘*I have been an adulterer*,’—‘*I have been a murderer*,’ and the like; and none durst stop to make an inquiry into such things, or to administer comfort to the poor creatures who, in the anguish both of soul and body, thus cried out. Many were the warnings that were then given by dying penitents to others, not to put off and delay their repentance to a day of distress; that such a time of calamity as this was not the best time for repentance. I wish,” says the author, “I could repeat the very sound of those groans and exclamations that I heard from some poor dying creatures, when in the height of their agonies and distress; and that I could make him who reads this hear them, as I imagine I now do! for the sound still seems to ring in my ears.

“In the beginning of September, the number of burials increasing, the churchwardens of Aldgate parish ordered a large pit to be dug, to hold all the dead which might die in a month: it was about forty feet long, and sixteen broad. Some blamed the churchwardens for suffering such a frightful gulf to be dug; nevertheless, in two weeks they had thrown more than eleven hundred bodies into it, when they were obliged to fill it up, as the bodies were come within six feet of the surface. My curiosity drove me to go and see this *pit*, when there had been nearly four hundred

people buried in it. I got admittance into the churchyard by means of the sexton, who was a sensible, religious man. He would have persuaded me not to go, saying, that 'it was, indeed, their duty to venture, and in it they might hope to be preserved; but as I had no apparent call, he thought my curiosity could not justify my running that hazard. I told him I had an earnest desire to go; and that perhaps it might be an instructing sight.'—'Nay,' says the good man, 'if you will venture upon that score, in the name of God go in; it will be a sermon to you; it may be the best that ever you heard in your life.'—This discourse had shaken my resolution, and I stood wavering for a good while; but just then I heard the bellman, and the cart loaded with dead bodies appearing, I went in. There was nobody that I could perceive at first with the cart, but the buriers and the man who led the cart; but when they came to the pit, they saw a man muffled in a cloak, who appeared in great agony. The buriers immediately gathered about him, supposing he was one of those poor delirious or desperate creatures, who would sometimes run to the pit wrapt in blankets, and throw themselves in, and, as they said, bury themselves. When the buriers came to him, they found he was neither desperate, nor distempered mind, but one oppressed with a dreadful weight of grief; having his wife and several children all in the cart that was just come in with him, and howling in agony and excess of sorrow. He desired the buriers to let him alone, and he would only see the bodies thrown in, and

go away: so they left importuning him; but sooner was the cart turned round, and the bodies shot into the pit promiscuously—which was a surprise to him, for he at least expected they would have been decently laid in, (though, indeed, he was afterwards convinced that was impractical.) I say, no sooner did he see this, but he cried aloud, unable to contain himself, and fell down in a swoon. The buriers ran to him, and took him up, and when he came to himself led him to a place where he was taken care of. He looked into the pit again as he went away; but the buriers had covered the bodies so immediately, by throwing in earth, that nothing could be seen. The cart had in it sixteen or seventeen bodies. Some were wrapt up in linen sheets, some in rugs; some were little otherwise than naked, or so loosely clad, that what covering they had fell from them in the shooting out of the cart, and they fell quite naked among the rest; but the matter was not much to them, or the indecency much to any one else, seeing they were to be huddled together into the common grave of mankind; for here was no difference made, but poor and rich went together.

“John Hayward, under-sexton, grave-digger, and bearer of the dead, never had the distemper at all, but lived about twenty years after it. His wife was employed to nurse the infected people; yet she herself was never infected. The only preservative he used against the infection was holding *garlic and rue* in his mouth, and smoking *tobacco*: this account I had from himself. His wife's precaution was washing her head in vine-

gar, and sprinkling her head-clothes so frequently with it, as to keep them always moist ; and if the smell of any of those she waited on was more than ordinarily offensive, she snuffed vinegar up her nose, sprinkled her head-clothes, and held a handkerchief wetted with it to her mouth.

“ And here I must not omit mentioning the disposition of the people of that day, with respect to their charity to the poor, which indeed was very large, both in a public and a private way. Some pious ladies were so zealous in this good work, and so confident in the protection of Providence in the discharge of this great duty, that they went about distributing alms, and visiting the poor families who were infected, in their very houses, appointing nurses and apothecaries to supply them with what they wanted—thus giving their blessings to the poor in substantial relief, as well as hearty prayers for them. I will not undertake to say that none of these charitable people were suffered to die of the plague ; but this I may say, that I never knew that any of them did miscarry in their pious work : which I mention for the encouragement of others in cases of like distress. And doubtless, if they that ‘ give to the poor lend to the Lord, and he will repay it ;’ those who hazarded their lives to give to the poor, and to comfort and assist them in such a misery as this, may hope to be protected therein.

“ From the middle of August to the middle of September, the infection still increased, and spread itself with an irresistible power ; and it was reckoned that during that time there died

no less than sixteen hundred a-day, one day with another. It was then that the confusion and terror were inexpressible; the courage of the people appointed to carry away the dead began to fail them: the vigilance of the magistrates was now put to the utmost trial. At last the violence of the distemper came to such a height, that the people sat still, looking at one another, and seemed quite abandoned to despair. In a word, people began to give themselves up to a fear, that there was nothing to be expected but an universal desolation. This despair made people bold and venturous; they were no more shy of one another, as not expecting now to avoid the distemper, but that all must go: this brought them to crowd into the churches: they no longer inquired what condition the people who sat near them were in, but came without the least caution, and crowded together, as if their lives were of no consequence, compared to the work which they were come about. Indeed, their zeal in coming, and the earnestness and affectionate attention they showed to what they heard, made it manifest what value people would put upon the worship of God, if they thought that every day they attended at the church might be their last.

“It was in the height of this despair that it pleased God to stay his hand, and to slacken the violence of the contagion, in a manner as surprising as that of its beginning; and which demonstrated it to be his own particular hand, above *the mere agency of means*. Nothing but *Omnipotent Power* could have done it; the contagion

defied all medicine; death raged in every corner; and had it gone on as it did then, a few weeks more would have cleared the town of all its inhabitants. In that very moment, when thirty thousand were dead in three weeks—nay, when it was reported three thousand had died in one night, and a hundred thousand more were taken sick; when we might well say, ‘Vain was the help of man,’—it pleased God to cause the force of the distemper to abate, and by his immediate hand to disarm the enemy. It was wonderful! The physicians were surprised, wherever they visited, to find their patients better; and in a few days every body was recovering. Nor was this by any medicine found out, or any new method of cure discovered; but it was evidently from the secret invisible hand of HIM who had at first sent this disease, as a judgment upon us. Let the philosophers search for reasons in nature to account for it, and labour as much as they will to lessen the debt they owe to their Maker, even those physicians who had the least share of religion in them were obliged to acknowledge that it was all supernatural. The streets were now full of poor recovering creatures, who appeared very sensible, and thankful to God for their unexpected deliverance: yet I must own, that as to the generality of the people, it might too justly be said of them, as was said of the children of Israel after they had been delivered from the host of Pharaoh,—‘They sang his praise, but they soon forgot his works.’”

WONDERFUL ESCAPE OF A HUNTER FROM THE BLACK-FEET INDIANS.

IN the remote parts of North America, though the British carry on a lucrative trade for the fine warm furs with which the quadrupeds in these cold countries are covered by the care of Providence, the wild and savage manners of the natives render it extremely dangerous for an European, employed there as a hunter, to separate himself from his company, as he is not likely to receive any mercy should he come across a party of hostile Indians. The following is an account of the wonderful escape of a hunter, named Thomas Colter, who saved his life by his intrepidity and presence of mind, as related by Mr. Bradberry, in his travels through North America. This man came to St. Louis, in May 1810, in a small canoe, from the head waters of the Missouri; a distance of 3000 miles, which he traversed in thirty days. I saw him on his arrival there, and received from him an account of his adventures, after he had separated from Lewis and Clark's party. One of these, from its singularity, I shall relate. On the arrival of the party at the head waters of the Missouri, *Colter*, observing the appearance of abundance of *beavers* being there, got permission to remain

and hunt for some time ; which he did, in company with a man of the name of Dixon, who had traversed the immense tract of country from St. Louis to the head waters of the Missouri, alone. Soon after he separated from Dixon, and *trapped* in company with a hunter named Potts : and, aware of the hostility of the Black-feet Indians, one of whom had been killed by Lewis, they set their traps at night, and took them up early in the morning, remaining concealed during the day. They were examining their traps early one morning, in a creek about six miles from that branch of the Missouri called Jefferson's Fork, and were ascending in a canoe, when they suddenly heard a great noise, resembling the trampling of animals ; but they could not ascertain the fact, as the high perpendicular banks on each side of the river impeded their view. Colter immediately pronounced it to be occasioned by Indians, and advised an instant retreat ; but he was accused of cowardice by Potts, who insisted that the noise was caused by buffaloes ; and they proceeded on. In a few minutes afterwards their doubts were removed, by a party of Indians making their appearance on both sides of the creek, to the number of five or six hundred, who beckoned them to come ashore. As retreat was now impossible, Colter turned the head of the canoe to the shore ; and at the moment of its touching, an Indian seized the rifle belonging to Potts ; but Colter, who was a remarkably strong man, immediately retook it, and handed it to Potts, who

remained in the canoe, and on receiving it pushed off into the river. He had scarcely quitted the shore when an arrow was shot at him, and he cried out, "*Colter, I am wounded.*" Colter remonstrated with him on the folly of attempting to escape, and urged him to come ashore. Instead of complying, he instantly levelled his rifle at an Indian, and shot him dead on the spot. This conduct, situated as he was, may appear to have been an act of madness; but it was doubtless the effect of sudden, and, as he thought it, sound reasoning; for, if taken alive, he must have expected to be tortured to death, according to their custom. He was instantly pierced with arrows so numerous, that, to use the language of Colter, "he was made a riddle of." They now seized Colter, stripped him entirely naked, and began to consult on the manner in which he should be put to death. They were first inclined to set him up as a mark to shoot at; but the chief interfered, and, seizing him by the shoulder, asked him if he could run fast? Colter, who had been some time amongst the Kee-kat-sa, or Crow Indians, had, to a considerable degree, acquired the Black-feet language, and was also well acquainted with Indian customs: he knew that he had now to run for his life, with the dreadful odds of five or six hundred against him, and those armed Indians; he therefore replied, that he was a very bad runner,—although he was considered by the hunters *as remarkably swift*. The chief now commanded *the party to remain stationary, and let Colter*

out on the prairie three or four hundred yards, and released him, bidding him save himself if he could. At that instant the horrid war-whoop sounded in the ears of poor Colter, who, urged with the hope of preserving life, ran with a speed at which he was himself surprised. He proceeded towards the Jefferson Fork, having to traverse a plain six miles in breadth, abounding with the prickly pear, on which he was every instant treading with his naked feet. He ran nearly half way across the plain before he ventured to look over his shoulder, when he perceived that the Indians were very much scattered, and that he had gained ground to a considerable distance from the main body; but one Indian, who carried a spear, was much before all the rest, and not more than a hundred yards from him. A faint gleam of hope now cheered the heart of Colter: he derived confidence from the belief that escape was within the bounds of possibility; but that confidence was near being fatal to him, for he exerted himself to such a degree that the blood gushed from his nostrils, and soon almost covered the fore part of his body. He had now arrived within a mile of the river, when he distinctly heard the appalling sound of footsteps behind him, and every instant expected to feel the spear of his pursuer. Again he turned his head, and saw the savage not twenty yards from him. Determined, if possible, to avoid the expected blow, he suddenly stopped, turned round, and spread out his arms. The Indian, surprised by the suddenness of the action, and per-

haps at the bloody appearance of Colter, also attempted to stop, but exhausted with running, he fell whilst endeavouring to throw his spear, which stuck in the ground, and broke in his hand. Colter instantly snatched up the pointed part, with which he pinned him to the earth, and then continued his flight. The foremost of the Indians, on arriving at the place, stopped till others came up to join them, when they set up a hideous yell. Every moment of this time was improved by Colter, who, although fainting and exhausted, succeeded in gaining the skirting of the cotton-wood trees on the borders of the Fork, through which he ran, and plunged into the river. Fortunately for him, a little below this place there was an island, against the upper point of which a raft of drift timber had lodged: he dived under the raft, and, after several efforts, got his head above water, amongst the trunks of trees, covered over with smaller wood to the depth of several feet. Scarcely had he secured himself when the Indians arrived on the river, screeching and yelling in the most appalling manner. They were frequently on the raft during the day, and were seen through the chinks by Colter, who was congratulating himself on his escape, until the idea arose that they might set the raft on fire. In horrible suspense he remained until night, when hearing no more of the Indians, he dived from under the raft, and swam silently down the river *to a considerable distance*, when he landed, and *travelled all night*. Although happy in having

escaped from the Indians, his situation was still dreadful: he was completely naked, under a burning sun; the soles of his feet were entirely filled with the thorns of the prickly pear: he was hungry, and had no means of killing game, although he saw abundance around him; and was at least seven days' journey from Lisa's Fort, on the Bighorn branch of the Roche Jaune river.—These are circumstances under which almost any man but an American hunter would have despaired. He arrived at the fort in seven days, having subsisted on a root much esteemed by the Indians of the Missouri, and now well known by naturalists.



EARTHQUAKE IN CALABRIA, IN THE
YEAR 1638.

AN account of this dreadful earthquake is given by the celebrated Father Kircher, who is considered by scholars as one of the greatest prodigies of learning. "Having hired," says he, "a boat in company with four more, (two friars of the order of St. Francis, and two seculars,) we launched from the harbour of Messina, in Sicily, and arrived the same day at the promontory of Pelorus. Our destination was for the city of Euphœmia in Calabria, where we had some business to transact, and where we designed to tarry for some time. However, Providence seemed willing to cross our design, for we were obliged to continue three days at Pelorus, on account of the weather, and though we often put out to sea, yet we were as often driven back. At length, wearied with the delay, we resolved to prosecute our voyage; and although the sea seemed more than usually agitated, we ventured forward. The gulf of Charybdis, which we approached, seemed whirled round in such a manner as to form a vast hollow like a funnel verging to a point in the *centre*. Proceeding onward, and turning my eyes to *Etna*, I saw it cast forth large volumes of

smoke, of mountainous size, which entirely covered the island, and blotted out the very shores from my view. This, together with the dreadful noise, and the sulphureous stench which was strongly perceived, filled me with apprehensions that some more dreadful calamity was impending. The sea itself seemed to wear a very unusual appearance: they who have seen a lake in a violent shower of rain, covered all over with bubbles, will conceive some idea of its agitations. My surprise was still increased by the calmness and serenity of the weather: there was not a breeze, nor a cloud, which might be supposed to cause these unusual and terrific appearances. I therefore warned my companions that an earthquake was approaching: and after some time, making for the shore with all possible diligence, we landed at Tropæa, happy and thankful for having escaped the threatening dangers of the sea. But our triumph on land was of short duration; for we had scarcely arrived at the Jesuits' College in that city, when our ears were stunned with a horrid sound, resembling that of an infinite number of chariots driven fiercely forward, the wheels rattling, and the thongs cracking: soon after this a most dreadful earthquake ensued, so that the whole tract upon which we stood seemed to be tossed about as if we were in the scale of a balance that continued wavering. This motion, however, soon grew more violent; and being no longer able to keep my legs, I was thrown prostrate upon the ground. In the mean time the universal ruin

around me redoubled my amazement. The crash of falling houses, the tottering of towers, and the groans of the dying, all contributed to raise my terror and despair. On every side of me I saw nothing but a scene of ruin and danger threatening me. I recommended myself to God, as my last refuge. At that hour O how vain was every worldly help! Wealth, honour, empire, wisdom, all were useless sounds, and as empty as the bubble of the deep! Just standing on the threshold of eternity, nothing but God was my pleasure; and the nearer I approached, I only loved Him the more. After some time, however, finding that I remained unhurt amidst the general concussion, I resolved to quit the town; and, running as fast as I could, I reached the shore, almost terrified out of my reason. I did not search long here till I found the boat in which I had landed; and my companions also, whose terrors were even greater than mine.

Our meeting was not of that kind where every one is desirous of telling his own happy escape: it is all silence, and a gloomy dread of impending danger. Leaving this seat of desolation, we prosecuted our voyage along the coast: and the next day we came to Rochetta, where we landed, although the earth continued in violent agitation. But we had scarcely arrived at our inn, when we were once more obliged to return to the boat, and in about half an hour we saw the greater part of *the town*, and the inn at which we had set up, *dashed to the ground*, and burying the inhabitants

beneath the ruins. In this manner, proceeding onwards in our little vessel, finding no safety on land, and yet, from the smallness of our boat, having but little security at sea, we at length landed at Lopisium, a castle midway between Tropæa and Euphœmia, the city to which, as I said before, we were bound. Here, wherever I turned my eyes, nothing but scenes of ruin and horror appeared ;—towns and castles levelled to the ground ; Stromboli, though at sixty miles' distance, belching forth flames in an unusual manner, and with a noise that I could distinctly hear. But my attention was quickly turned from more remote to contiguous danger. The rumbling sound of an approaching earthquake, which we were by this time grown acquainted with, alarmed us for the consequences ; it every moment seemed to grow louder and to approach nearer. The place on which we stood now began to shake most dreadfully ; so that, being unable to stand, my companions and I caught hold of whatever shrubs grew next to us, and supported ourselves in that manner. After some time, this violent paroxysm ceasing, we again stood up in order to prosecute our voyage to Euphœmia, which lay within sight. In the mean time, while we were preparing for this purpose, I turned my eyes towards the city, but could only see a frightful dark cloud, that seemed to rest upon the place. This the more surprised us, as the weather was so very serene. We waited, therefore, till the cloud had passed away, when, turning to look for the

city, it was totally sunk. Wonderful to tell, nothing but a putrid lake was seen where it had just before stood. We looked about to find some one that could tell us of its sad catastrophe, but could see no person. All was become a melancholy solitude—a scene of hideous desolation. Thus proceeding pensively along in quest of some human being that could give us a little information, we at length saw a boy sitting on the shore, and appearing stupified with terror. Of him, therefore, we inquired concerning the fate of the city; but he could not be prevailed on to give us an answer. We entreated him with every expression of tenderness and pity to tell us; but his thoughts were quite occupied with the danger he had escaped. We offered him some victuals, but he seemed to loathe the sight: we still persisted in our offices of kindness, but he only pointed to the place of the city, like one out of his senses; and then running up into the woods, was never heard of after. Such was the fate of the city of Euphœmia! As we continued our melancholy course along the shore, the whole coast, for the space of two hundred miles, presented nothing but the remains of cities, and men scattered without a habitation over the fields. Proceeding thus along, we at length ended our distressful voyage by arriving at Naples, after having escaped a thousand dangers, both by sea and land.

MULY MOLUC.

WHEN Don Sebastian, king of Portugal, had invaded the territories of Muly Moluc, emperor of Morocco, in order to dethrone him, and set his crown upon the head of his nephew, Moluc was wearing away with a distemper which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of so formidable an enemy. He was, indeed, so far spent with his sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole day when the last decisive battle was given ; but knowing the fatal consequences to his children and people, in case he should die before he put an end to the war, he commanded his principal officers, that if he died during the engagement, they should conceal his death from the army, and should ride up to the litter in which the corpse was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as usual. Before the battle began, he was carried through all the ranks of his army, in an open litter, as they stood drawn up in array ; encouraging them to fight valiantly in defence of their country. Finding afterwards the battle going against him, though he was very near his last moments, he threw himself out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge, which afterwards

ended in a complete victory on the side of the Moors. He had no sooner brought back his men to the combat, than, finding himself utterly spent, he was again placed in his litter ; when, laying his finger on his mouth, to enjoin secrecy to his officers standing about him, he died, a few moments after, in that posture.



THE END.

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